comething equally absurd. It is doubtful if tirely overcome the chagrin that follows the realization of having made such a play. As me goes on and he gains experience the good player will learn to control himself so as to give no expression to his feelings, but even time and experience will hardly serve to mitigate the contempt he will feel for himself at having been bluffed.

The experience, nevertheless, is a part of his education and may be made valuable to him if he have the gifts of observation and analysis which will enable him to study understandingly the personality of the man who has successfully carried out the bluff that beat him. The recognition and comprehension of the bluff constitute the higher education in

the former feat is sometimes classed above the latter, since it leads to the highest achievement of the game, namely the refusal to back a hand which, according to the mathematical chances of poker, calls for heavy betting.

An extreme illustration of the force of this statement was given by a Yale student who told a story only last week of how he came to call the first bet in a game he played in, instead of playing all he had on a hand that is rarely beaten in any game.

"Our crowd had played together for quite a while," he said, "and I had come to know a few little peculiarities in the play of nearly all the party. On this occasion that knowledge saved me a good bit of money. Among the others was one man who could not control the expreswas one man who could not control the expression of his face sufficiently to conceal the fact of his having bettered his hand in the draw whenever he happened to do so. He did not start, or exclaim, or smile, or do any of those obvious things that are only to be expected of infants or expert bluffers on occasions, but there was a slight tightening of the muscles around the mouth that indicated to me that he felt the necessity of giving no indication.

"It happened that a jack pot was opened by a player on my left. The next two laid down their hands, and this man who sat at my right came in without looking at more than two cards table head. He had a way of lifting the corners

their hands, and this man who sat at my right came in without looking at more than two cards in his hand. He had a way of lifting the corners of his cards one at a time before picking up his hand, and I knew that his invariable rule was not to come in on anything less than a pair of jacks. It was therefore clear to me, as he doubtless intended it to be, that his first two cards were jacks or better.

It was my play next, and as I had four nines pat, I raised it to the limit, keeping my eye on the man with the jacks, more from habit than because of any feeling that it was necessary to do so. As he lifted his third card I saw him give a little start which told me that he had found a third. If it had been his fourth or fifth card that had occasioned the start, it might have been two pairs that he had found, but as it was the third I was morally certain that he had three jacks at the very least and I looked with great equanimity to see him hist it when it came his turn to bet again. If he had done so, I would, of course, have recognized my duty under the circumstances, and would have given him the limit again to think about. But he did not raise, and as the opener had simply made good, and there were only three of us in, of course I could not play my fours any harder tust than

t then. In the draw the opener took one card, having "In the draw the opener took one card, having two small pairs to draw to My antagonist took two, and as he picked the first one up. I saw the lines about his mouth tighten in the way I have described, whereupon the beauty vanished from my four nines like a morning mist. I knew I was beaten, and although I took one card it was a mere matter of conventionality, and when I called his raise the opener having bet a white chip and he having raised the limit, as I knew he would. I raised the bet purely out of deference to the character of my own hand, feeling certain that his was the better. I would no more have raised him than I would have thrown my chips out of the window. There were two or three men looking

There were two or three men looking over my shoulders and when they saw what I had done they fairly howled with amazement. One suggested that I ought to be sent to Sunday Shool and another said that furniture should be broken over my body, but if they were astonished and grieved at first they were simply stinned when the other man showed his four kings. It took me ten minutes to explain why I had done what I did, and even after that I imagine that some of them thought I was a drooling infant who had been struck by luck as by lightning." by lightning." The story is a good one and despite the repu

The story is a good one and despite the reputation of the narrator as a person of agile imagination and fluent speech it may be a true one. Certainly there is nothing inherently improbable in it, and if it be true it simply shows that he had mastered the A B C of the poker player's art. The only notable point in the yarn is the assertion that he laid down on the first bet. Most players would have been sufficiently dazzled by four nines pat to go back with at least one raise as a test of the correctness of their intuition. The play, as the I ale man made it, is only to be considered wind when the absolute correctness of his observation and analysis is conceded. Having entire confidence in that, as he had, the only criticism to be made on his play is that he ought not to have called, but should have thrown he hand down. Had he done that, however, he would not have seen the four kings, and would have been haunted forever after by a largering doubt as to whether or not he had been mistaken.

The simple watching of another man's tricks he simple watching of another man's tricks physical expression of emotion, however, elementary skill. One of the first things erience teaches is the necessity of overlaing those tricks in one's own play so as to did the certainty of betraying the character he hands held to every close observer around table. It is perfectly true that many players, have the majority, never succeed in master-themselves so thoroughly that they give indication by facial expression, attitude notion of the hand of the value of the cards y hold, but on the other hand there are ny players, perhaps also a majority, who er learn to read such signs in other players any degree of accuracy unless they are any degree of accuracy unless they are pronounced. The best players can do and they are the ones who possess an intage that sometimes seems to amount

a more scientific method play of an opponent which, astered, would give any playe with an impossive or expressionless of who has nerves that are too steady itest emotion involuntarily. The only do with an antagonist of this dea is to study his system of play, for never be forgotten for a moment that

PERSONALITY IN POKER

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ards he is playing against as well as to guess the value of the cards, the study of individcards he is playing against as well as to guess at the value of the cards, the study of individual character is a necessary part of the game. To illustrate: The first indication any player can have of the value of the cards held by an opponent is that afforded by the betting before the draw, unless, indeed, his opponent has betrayed himself by some physical sign, it may be a look or the contraction merely of an eyelid, or it may be some more pronounced sign, like a start of surprise. So far as the scientific game goes the betting is the first. If the next man to the age comes in we have to consider whether he is a careful or a bold player. If he is generally careful it may be assumed that he has at least one pair, yet there is no certainty about this. If he has been having unusually good luck he may intend drawing to an ace, or even taking five cards. On the other hand, if his luck be very bad-he may have become desperate and have put up his ante entirely on the chances of the draw. We are obliged to take his personality into consideration. are obliged to take his personality into consid-

The next indication may come in the shape poker, and without some measure of this kind of knowledge no player can hope to attain he third degree. And the first element of success in the difficult art of bluff is the personality of the player. Similarly the best safeguard a player can have against the chances of being bluffed lies in his ability to gauge the personality of those playing against him.

This necessity for an understanding of human nature generally and of individual charding the light of the player and his habits of play we may form a judgment as to what he holds, but what would be almost positive knowledge in the case of one player will be only a hazardous guess in another case. And only in accordance with the judgment thus formed can we decide whether the cards we hold are worth the risk of seeing the raise.

the judgment thus formed can be decided to the leaves since it leads to the leaves since it leads to the highest achievement. It is fully as important to know when your opponent is not biuffing as it is to know when your opponent is not biuffing as it is to know when your opponent is not biuffing as it is to know when your opponent is not biuffing as it is to know when your opponent is not biuffing as it is to know when your opponent is not biuffing as it is to know when your opponent is not biuffing as it is to know when your opponent is not biuffing as it is to know when your opponent is not biuffing as it is to know when he is. Indeed the former feat is sometimes classed above the leater since it leads to the highest achievement. certainy assume for same this opinion later if circumstances indicate that he is bluffing wildly but it would be an extreme case which would lead to the supposition that a man drawing three cards for which he has had to pay, does so on anything less than the strength of one pair. And we must, if we know him to be a cautious player, assume that he has a pair of a certain size or better. What that size may be again depends on his system and on the chance that for some reason or other he has varied his rule at this particular time. If he has drawn two cards only, the indication is not so clear. If he be one kind of player he will almost certainly have three of a kind. If of another kind he may have a pair of aces and be holding up a kicker merely as a bluff. Other players would be thought to have a pair only and an ace which they would hold up in the hope of getting another ace. Others still might be drawing to a three flush or even a three straight, and yet another class would certainly draw two cards if they held three parts of a straight flush.

In the case of a one-card draw the indication is still slighter. A player may draw to two pairs or a four flush or four straight or even an intermediate straight, or he may on the other hand hold three or even four of a kind and draw a single card only in order to disguise the strength of his hand. The possibilities range from "nusted straight" to a royal flush, and there is hardly any possibility of estimating these possibilities by the personality of the player excepting that we may assume that certain persons will not pay to draw to an intermediate straight.

At the completion of the draw, therefore, we find that we have been able to form at least

draw to an intermediate straight.

At the completion of the draw, therefore, we find that we have been able to form at least a conjectural judgment of the various hands against which we are to compete for the possession of the pot. Even if some player has stood pat we are aided by our knowledge of his personality in deciding whether he really has a pat hand or is bluffing on two pairs or less—even on nothing at all. The betting, however, after the draw will afford still further opportunities for studying the character of however, after the draw will afford still further opportunities for studying the character of our opponent and of profiting by what we already know of his general system of play. We inquire first whether he is one who is likely to bluff, remembering that any player is liable to bluff at times, but that some do it very rarely and only when their position relative to the age is likely to make a bluff effective. If he be an habitual bluffer we feel safe in calling him, provided all the others have dropped out, and we have a fairly good hand. If he merely trails along after some other player there is little opportunity to do more than calculate the mathematical probability of our hand being better than his, but even then we may judge something by the manner in which he pushes his chips forward or announces his bet.

his bet. When it is remembered that in order to play When it is remembered that in order to play poker with any degree of success one ought to be able to judge not of the personality of one other player along but that of four or five or six, and to estimate the probabilities as indicated by each one and all of them, the almost infinite complexity of the game becomes at once apparent. Without this study of personality, however, poker would be reduced to the level of a show-down. It would still, by reason of the variety of hands be a game that might fascinate some persons, but it could be called intellectual no more than could the throwing of dice.

FACTS FOR TEMPERANCE FOLKS.

France Is Becoming Quite a Centre for the Preparation of Anti-Liquor Literature.

Even official reports issued from French lovernment Bureaus nowadays must give some aid and comfort to temperance crusaders. Thus a bulletin issued by the Department of Finance, a few months ago, asserts that alconolism is making alarming progress in France. In fifty years the production of alcohol there has increased two and a half fold and the consumption per capita is three times as large as it was half a century ago. Official warning is given of the great evil this vast consumption

was half a century ago. Official warning is given of the great evil this vast consumption of alcohol is inflicting upon the country. The amount of money wasted in drink is very great, but the 150,000,000 francs spent annually for liquors in France is as nothing compared with the impairment of the public health.

Now comes M. Raoul Leroy with an article in the Annales de Hygiène on his study of alcoholism in Brittany. He says that since 1836 the consumption of alcohol there has been steadily increasing and is now two and a half times as large per capita as it was sixty-live years ago. The increase or diminution of the tax on brandy has never had the slightest influence on consumption. Insanity has largely increased, keeping pace apparently with the progress of alcoholic consumption.

Another French journal calls attention to the growth of alcoholism in Chili. The matter has recently been debated in the Congress of that country. Some of the Deputies asserted that unless steps were taken very soon to stop the spread of the evil the health and morals of the inhabitants would be completely undermined. According to the figures adduced during the discussion the number of persons adicted to the excessive use of alcohol in thirty-three departments is 63,592. A remarkably high percentage of drunkards is found in Santiago and Valparaiso. Santiago, with only 300,000 inhabitants, counts over 24,000 persons who are addicted to the excessive use of intoxicants.

An Appreciative Notice.

From the Raleigh News and Observer. Wilson, April 24—The "Old Maids Conven-tion" last night was an enthrasiastic one and gave great delight to all who attended.

To that consecrated young woman—so zeal-ous and active in good works—the accom-plished Miss Bessie Worthington, the thanks of our community are due, for it was her tact and skill and zeal that gave us this feast of fun and frolic.

skill and zeal that gave us this least of the frolic.

Mrs. W. P. Anderson, a magnificent star of historic brilliancy, was President of the convention, and her rulings were saturated with finest wit and humor. The hits were very felicitous and kept the house flooded with roaring streams of heartiest laughter.

We can't particularize or point out individual merit no more than we could look up into the throbbing dome of night and tell which one of all those glittering gems had flung down through the ocean of darkness the brightest wave of glistening light.

"The first town we made after I became asociated with Tony was Cagtown. After the performance Tony and I had about finished packing our working paraphernalia for transportation to our next stand when the schoolroom door was opened softly and a stout, middle-aged, red-headed farmer came in and shuffled timidly down the aisle. When about two feet distant, the man stopped and bowed respectfully.

'Mr. Parrotti,' he said abruptly, 'I'd like to ask you a question. I want to know if there's anything you can do to get my mother down stairs.

"Iony straightened up at that, and balanced wad of burned cotton on his left forefinger. I was looking squarely at him when the strange question was propounded. It must have struct him fairly on the funny bone, for his lips twitched suspiciously, and once I thought he would laugh outright. The earnestness of the interrogator was contagious, however, and in twinkling Tony recovered his dignity and said, with imperturbable gravity:

There certainly is. There is no reason on earth why any woman should stay upstairs all the days of her life. But your statement of the case is vague. Unless I am acquainted with circumstances connected with her being up here, I cannot tell how to get her down.

"The man nodded approvingly. 'Of course, e said. 'I understand that, and I want you and your friend here to go over to my house and put up for the night-horse feed and your own bed and grub will be furnished scot freeand see just how mother is placed and what can be done for her. If you can get her on the ground floor I'll pay you anything within reaon for your trouble. My name's Zan Bunner. I live-back in the fields about a mile from here Everybody in these parts about me, and you needn't be afraid but what you'll get your money f you can only bring mother downstairs."

"Tony looked at me inquiringly at the conclusion of this proposition, and I, scenting something interesting ahead, nodded back acquiescence in the plan. "Very well,' said Tony, then, promptly,

we'll go. "It was a little past 11 o'clock when Tony and Zan Bunner and I left the schoolhouse Zan was the only member of his family that had been present at the entertainment and the rest of the household had retired when we reached the Bunner home. But it was not a part of Zan's purpose to permit early sleep in his house that night, and in less than five minutes after Tony and I had been ushered into the dark, gloomy parlor, two women and several children came tumbling into the room in various stages of drowsiness and undress and grouped themselves awkwardly about and stared at us wonderingly. Zan himself appeared a moment later with the youngest child perched on his shoulder and hastened to allay the anx-

pected presence. "Lucy," he said, addressing the younger of the two women, this is Mr. Parrotti and his friend, the men what gave the show over at Captown to night.

the two women, this is Mr. Parrotti and his friend, the men what gave the show over at Cagtow to-night.

"The woman was thoroughly awake by that time. She darted a quick look at the three small boys huddled up at her right and turned toward her husband angrily.

"Zan Bunner, she said, d' you mean to say was so hoggish as to go to that show all by yourself and leave these blessed children at home when you knowed their little hearts was just a-breakin' to see what was goin' on, an' couldn't, because you said you couldn't spare a dime a piece?

"The three youngsters in question, seeing that they had found an ally in their mother, set up a howl of regret for the pleasures they had missed through the selfishness of an unfeeling parent and shook their grimy little fists at him menacingly. Zan quieted this turmoil after a little through the expenditure of considerable physical strength, and said, stiffly:

"You're raisin' a mighty huilabaloo about nothin', you women folks and children are. Yes, I went to the show, but I didn't intend to when Hefthome. I just happened to be around at the Post Offlee when the thing began and I thought I'd drop in a minute and see what was takin' place. It was all right, that show was, takin' place. It was all right, that show was, Yes, I went to the show, but I didn't intend to when Helf home. I just happened to be around at the Post Office when the thing began and I thought I'd drop in a minute and see what was takin' place. It was all right, that show was. Mr. Parrotti is a wonder and no mistake, but he's goin' to show you a trick right here in your own house that 'Il beat all hollow any other trick that was ever showed in any schoolhouse or any theayter in this land. He's goin' to bring mother down to the ground floor. The minute I see him growin' that geranium out o' nothin' to-night, I says to myself, "Here's the man't can manage mother. A man't can sprout bloomin' flowers out o' the very atmosphere can certainly fix even her." I ast him if he could, and he said yes, so I brought him over. And yet you folks set up and kick as if you wasn't gettin' your money's worth. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, takin' on so, and right before strangers, too. 'Now, gentlemen,' he added, turning to Tony and me, we'llgo upstairs and take a peep at mother. "The turbulent feminine and juvenile portions of Zan's family bad been reduced to a state of fawning humility by the farmer's verbose rebuke, and they wrapped their night robes meekly about them and followed Tony and Zan and me upstairs. Zan's mother was partly sitting, partly reclining on a broad, old-fashioned horsehair sofa when the whole kit and bundle of us went filing through her bedroom door. With Zan's assistance she finally assumed an upright posture and looked about on the small army of midnight invaders of the sanctity of her sleeping apartment with a bewildered expression on her fat, pudgy face. Zan came around in front of his mother presently, and stood of regarding her attentively as if making a mental memorandum of her ample measurements."

Mother, he said, at length, 'these gentle-

around in front of his mother presently, and stood off regarding her attentively as if making a mental memorandum of her ample mensurements.

"Mother,' he said, at length, 'these gentlemen's come to take you down stairs.'

"The old lady's eyelids shot back with an almost audible click then, and she pulled at the strings of her nightcap, nervously.

"You don't say so?' she said incredulously, 'Well, the Lord knows I'm mighty glad of it. I hope they can, but I'd like to know how they're ever goin' to do it'

"Tony and I exchanged furtive glances, and it was plain that Grandma Bunner was not the only person present whose mind was revolving this perplexing question. Fortunately for us, Zan, having still more to say on the subject of his mother's extraordinary confinement to the second story of the house, did not press us with an explanation of our method of dealing with helpless, corpulent elderly ladies, but proceeded, volubly:

"Mother's been up here in this room for more'n three year. She come here on the noth day of March, just three years' ago, to get a piece of flannel to wrap around pap's lame arm, and she was took sick while bendin' over that chest in the corner, and she afut been downstairs since. At first, we thought it was p'raly-sis that 'd struck 'er, but it turned out to be something else -1 don't just know what. She was mighty sick, though, for nigh on to two months, and we didn't dare move her off 'n that bed. By and by she begin to get better, and as she improved she got fat. Mother was thin as Lucy, here, when she come into this room three year ago for that flannel, and just look at her now! I've got to be a pretty good judge of heft by guessing on hogs and calves and sich, and I wouldn't be afraid to be bet that mother'd weigh nigh on to 400 pounds. It's on account of her size that she can't get downstairs. The doors are big enough for her to pass through, but mother's afraid. She's afraid she'll fall and hurtherself if she tries to go down the steps.

"Zan's mother spoke up then in her own behal

Now that the crucial moment had come, I looked at Tony anxiously. Trying though the ordeal was, not once did his consummate assurance waver.

"Mr. Bunner,' he said, 'you have given yourself much unnecessary worriment. To lower your mother to the ground floor will be a matter of great ease and simplicity for any one accustomed to such things. But you really must pardon me to-night. I am very tired now and need rest before attempting her release. I shall be astir early, however, and I promise you that before breakfast to-morrow your mother shall take a stroll in the orchard and garden."

"The Bunners fairly overwhelmed Tony with protestations of gratitude.

"I.a., Ia.' said Zan's wife. You can't imagine what a relief that'll be. It ain't no fun to have to carry meals and things upstairs three times a day, I c'n tell you."

"We all separated then. Tony and I were shown into a room on the second floor, across the hall from Grandma Bunner's apartment, and soon the Bunner family had sought their respective couches for the second time that night. Once locked in our own room I took. Tony to task severely for giving an unqualified promise to come to Mrs. Bunner's relief.

"How on earth are you ever going to accomplish it? I asked. 'Zan's suggestions were all ingenious and I think he has covered the field pretty thoroughly. I can't think of any plan more feasible, myself. Why didn't you crawfish a little and simply say you'd try?

"Tony threw himself across the bed sleepily, 'Because,' said he, 'Crawfishing is not a part of my business. I've got a reputation to maintain, and you can't keep up a reputation on crawfishing. I've never yet been asked to do do a thing that I couldn't get around some way, and I don't propose to meet my Waterloo here in Zan Bunner's house. But don't bother me any more about that now. I'm all worn out. Maybe the spirits will whisper me something in my dreams.

"The excitement and work of the day had told on me as well as Tony.

me any more about that now. I'm all worl out. Maybe the spirits will whisper me some thing in my dreams."

"The excitement and work of the day had told on me as well as Tony, and within a few minutes after the light was extinguished we were both sound asleen. Several hours late we were awakened simultaneously by a peculiar grinding, crunching sound as of a ship laboring in a heavy sea and I was conscious, the minute laised my head, of a sinking, depressing feeling in the section of my abdument as if I were the section of my abdument as if I were the section of my abdument as if I were the section of my abdument as if I were the section of my abdument as if I were the section of my abdument as if I were the section of my abdument as if I were the section of my abdument as if I were the section of the secti raised my head, of a sinking, depressing feeling in the region of my abdomen, as if I were being let down from a great height. Involuntuatily, I imped out of bed. As I reached the floor I struck against Tony who had sprung from his bed on the opposite side of the room at the same instant. We collided with mutual grunts of wonder and alarm.

"!and of Goshen, 'exclaimed Tony, 'where are we? What's happening?

"'Don't ask me,' I retorted. 'Were either passing through an earthquake, or else this is

are we? What's happening?
"Don't ask me.' I retorted. 'Were
passing through an earthquake, or else
the worst case of haunted house on reco

"The grating, crashing noise continued for minutes, longer, there were the continued for the continued few minutes longer, then we struck solid ground with a kerplunk that threw Tony and me flat to the floor and sent unsubstantial articles of furniture flying promiscuously around our heads. This unsettling climax was succeeded by a moment of intense stillness. Tony and I were partially dazed by our fall, but in a few seconds we regained our feet and made for the windows. We drew the curtains aside and looked out. Streaks of dawn were visible in the east and these heralds of approaching day, together with the few remaining stars, suffleed to light the outside world with tolerable distinctness. Tony was first to speak after we reached the windows.

"Lord of Love, he said. The miracle has been performed, and without my help. We've all been let downstairs. The floor of the second story is on a level with the ground.

"We raised the sash then and stepped out, and our feet sank deep in the cold, damp grass. By that time screams in various keys of both bass and treble clels were heard issuing from many portions of the house, and soon members of the Bunner family came trailing out through the second-story windows into the yard. As Zan Bunner emerged from his own window still with the ublouitous baby on his shoulder, he caucht sight of Tony and rushed forward and clasped the little showman's hands affectionately.

"Lucy, he called back to his wife, 'what'd I few minutes longer, then we struck so ground with a kerplunk that threw Tony a me flat to the floor and sent unsubstant

forward and classed the little snowman's hands affectionately.

"Lucy," he called back to his wife, 'what'd I tell you? I said he'd let mother down, and he did. I'd liked it a little better, Mr. Parrotti, if you hadn't jarred things up quite so much, but we can't have everything as we'd like it in this world, and I s'pose I oug htn't complain about a little plasterin', and window glass, and a few lamps and dishes and sich.

little plasterin', and window glass, and a resilamps and dishes and sich.'

With his native shrewdness. Tony perceived the possibilities of the situation like a flash and he followed up the advantage boidly.

"Well, to tell the truth,' he said. I'm a little disappointed in the manifestation myself, but it's hard to regulate an affair of this kind. iety of the family as to the cause of our unex-

"Well, to tell the truth,' he said. I'm a little disappointed in the manifestation, myself, but it's hard to regulate an affair of this kind just so. I intended to have the house sink easier, and I thought to have it happen about daylight, but somehow, after I got matters in working order, things got a little the start of me. I wasn't prepared for it myself. That's why we're out in our bare feet, Jackson and I." "The Bunners took Tony's apology for the shaking-up he had given them at its face value and went in and led out Grandma Bunner. The old lady had her promised stroll among the trees and when she sat down with the family at breakfast time. I think she was by all odds the happiest woman I ever sow.

"It beats anything ever heern tell on, she said, looking across the table at Tony, admiringly. We'll have to build another story on top o' this. I reckon, and take these bedrooms for parlor and kitchen and livin' room, for we can't cook and eat under ground all our days, but Zan wont mind the expense of carpenterin', so long as I can get out, will you. Zan?

"After breakfast Zan took Tony aside and offered to pay him \$50 for performing the marvellous feat, but I want it laid up to Tony's credit that he refused to accept a cent of it. The news of Tony's wonderful power as a conjurer spread rapidly. There were probably not more than a dozen people in the whole neighborhood, except Tony and myself, who understood that the Bunner house had been builders, and that this superficial foundation had chosen this opportune time to give way and let the whole house down into the hole in the ground. We who were fortunate to ferret out the natural explanation of the miracle were mute on the subject, and Tony fairly coined money in the rural districts from Ohio to the Pacific coast on the strength of the magic employed in getting Grandma Bunner downstairs." ting Grandma Bunner downstairs FOUR GENERATIONS FOUGHT

Son, Father, Grandfather and Great-Grand-

father Captured With Gen. Cronfe.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "I don't know of any better illustration of the way the Boer families have gone into the field," said one of the officers of the transport Milwaukee, "than the fact that we had four generations in a single group among the pris-oners we took with Cronje to St. Helena. "It was a remarkable party and consisted of

great-grandfather, grandfather, father and son. The boy was about 18; his father was 40 or thereabouts; the grandfather was a man of 60, and the old patriarch of the lot was nearly so. They had all been under arms in Cronje's laager when it made its last stand, fighting in different trenches and after the surrender they naturally drifted together. They excited my interest, and I talked with them on several occasions during the voyage. It seemed that they had been living on one of the great cattle ranches of the northern yeldt, forming one big household with their women folk, and knew nothing of the war until the order came to turn out for active service. Of course they belonged to the local 'commando', or militia department, for that section, but it was not a regularly disciplined organization, and they had never even drilled together. When the call came the father and son responded first and joined Cronje's army. Later on there was another requisition for troops, and the grandfather shouldered his rifle and hurried to the front. About the time Cronje started on his last retreat the old great-grandfather got uneasy and set out to see how his boys, as he called them, were getting along. He arrived just before the final stand, and, once inside the laager, he couldn't get get out; so he took a gun from a dead man and went to fighting along with the rest of the family. and after the surrender they naturally drifted

The four Boers struck me as good, honest "The four Boers struck me as good, honest, simple-minded men. They had no idea whatever of the causes of the war, the principles involved or the relative strength of the two sides. All they knew was that the 'rooineks' were trying to invade the republic and that Oom Paul had called on them to come our and fight. The whole crowd were fatalists of the deepest dye. They were prisoners of war on a strange ship, sailing away to a part of the world as unknown to them as the mountains a strange ship, sailing away to a part of the world as unknown to them as the mountains of the moon, but they accepted the situation as stoically as so many Turks. I asked the grandfather how he thought it would all end. 'God knows,' he replied, calmly. 'But don't you expect to get back to your home and family again?' I inquired. 'God knows,' he repeated, and went on smoking his pipe."

the desirable associations formed through using the advertising columns of THE SUN. A reader of THE SUN may be relied upon as an Independent American citizen.—Ada

n this closing year of the century,' said the elder in his pious way. 'I'll just make this pen of mine look attractive and homelike for onely bullfrogs and they will flock to it. That will make the dumb brutes happy and will save me a lot of trudging. These long, cold winters are hard on those poor animals, but I will guarantee any bullfrog with salable legs that wanders into my nen against freezing to death."

"And the elder toddled back to his farm with the benevolent air of a regularly incorporated Bullfrog Humane Society.

"The elder arranged a little runway with a drop gate at the entrance to his frog pen. Then short distance from this he strung bright sieces of red flannel and bits of meat and other things attractive to a hungry bullfrog. It was easy for a frog to get into a pen, for after he had come a little ways down the runway the end board dropped and he was a prisoner But there wasn't any way of getting out. swamp being full of frogs they were attracted by the bait the elder spread in plain sight and it wasn't but a few days before the pen began o fill up. I didn't approve of the plan.

'Spearing a few frogs for your own use s all right.' I told Elder Hopkins. 'But this wholesale deluding of Pike county croakers s another thing. These frogs have lived on the edge of your farm for years, and they have some to trust you. And now you play on their affections and love of red flannel in order to provide city people with frog legs and yourself with easy money

"But the elder wasn't to be turned from his cheme. 'Lots of these frogs would be killed by snakes or hawks before the summer is over anyhow,' he said in his obstinate way, it's a mercy to let them die an easy death for he benefit of a worthy old man. It's my belief that's what Providence intended them for.

Providence will repay you in a way you don't suspect for abusing the confidence of those trusting little animals, I replied, tartlike. And Providence did.

"That same day I strolled over to Seth Adams's place, which bordered on the same swamp as the elder's farm, only a little further o the south. . I found Seth fixing up a queer ittle but in his back yard. The but was filled with rocks and had little holes dug in the ground and a stove in the middle of it. The inside of the hut was warm and comfortable, but it looked more like the hiding place for a lot of snakes than a habitation intended for human beings.
"What am I doing?' replied Seth, in answer
"What am I doing," What am I doing,

what am I doing? replied seth, in answer to my curious inquiries. What am I doing, deacon? I'm fixing up a home for snakes. There's no creature with the intelligence of a Pike county blacksnake that has so hard a row to hoe, almost frozen to death in the winter and with nothing but a hole in the rocks to live and bring his family up in during the summer. But it will be different after your to live and bring his summer. But it will be different after your under the seth has completed his little retreat for indigent snakes with growing families. Heat and warm nilk will be supplied free of cost to any respectable blacksnake. I have quite a number of inmates for this little home now number of interesting the state of the state of

Inche Seth has completed his little retreat for indigent snakes with growing families. Heat and warm milk will be supplied free of cost to number of immates for this little home now. And the beauty of it is that any snake who has spent a few hours under the fostering care of That's in start of Tha

his faithful snakes.

Seth was calm.

"Come over here, elder," he says in the tone of a man unjustly accused, 'and identify any frogs which have come from your pen.

"Of course, there weren't any distinguishing marks on the Elder Hopkins's breed of frogs, so the elder was sort of at sea. Then Seth became indignant.

"Because I lavish care and affection on these snakes and put rings on them so the poor, unprotected creatures won't choke to death, am I to be accused of being a robber?' said Seth. I protect these snakes, but I am no blacksnake shepherd to follow them through the swamps and turn them aside whenever they approach any invention for cupturing deluded builtrogs. Any frog with the Hopkins brand on it you can have. But don't come around unjustly accusing a man who puts in his time nourishing the energetic, if neglected. Pike county blacksnakes.

Elder Hopkins was certain Seth's frogs had come from the Hopkins's pen, but there wasn't any way of proving it. So he went home boiling with rage and trying to plan out some way of getting even with Seth. The next afternoon I called on the elder. All his frogs were gone, but to my surprise he was as bizance day.

next afternoon I called on the elder. All his trogs were gone, but to my surprise he was as bland and as smiling as a surmer day.

"Talking of neglected animals, said the elder, with benevolence just shining from his countenance, 'I don't know of a more deserving, but less popular animal than the snapping turtle. Now that my frogs are gone I don't know of a place where snapping turtles would be more at home and happier than in the mud of that builfrog pen. It would be the act of a Christian, of an unselfish man, to fill that ben with weary, if vagrant, snapping turtles.

turtles.

"And he did. Snapping turtles were plentiful in the swamp, the elder and his sons worked
hard gathering them, and by the next morning
there wasn't a square foot of that frog pen that
didn't have a snapping turtle concealed under
the mud, with only his head sticking out. The

turtles were quiet, and not looking for trouble, but any snake, or other animal, that came nosing about that pen was sure to get into serious difficulty.

"In the morning Seth started his snakes out after frogs. The snakes had learned by experience that the best hunting was to be found in Elder Hopkins's pen. The first snake crept in the pen, poked around in the mud and ran up against a snapping turtle which took a good grip and held on after the impartial, meditative manner of snapping turtles. A snapping turtle may have faults, but noisy loquaciousness isn't one of them. The turtle didn't want to make a disturbance. The snake wasn't in a position to. The result was that one after another of Seth's snakes came trailing into the a position to. The result was that one after another of Seth's snakes came trailing into the pen, travelled ground until that particula snake disturbed a snapping turtle and the stopped. By noon every one of the snake was accounted for and the faithful, if reticent

was accoounted for and the faithful, if reticent, turtles were still on hand and open for business.

"When Seth missed his snakes he came over to Elder Hopkins's bullfrog pen. As soon as he saw the snapping turtles scattered all over the pen he knew the fate of his pet snakes. Seth forgot that he was a member of the church and the language he used regarding Elder Hopkins must have driven the record in angel to the use of shorthand. But the elder took it placidly.

"I was only following out the lesson you taught me, Seth,' he said in his meckest tones, 'Just trying to make a home for homeless snapping turtles. I never dreamed your snakes would get hurt, for you told me they didn't hunt frogs in my pen. You have my sympathy, and I will try and get back the rings that were about your snakes necks. But who would have thought that snakes brought up under the eye of Seth Adams would have mistaken extra sized snapping turtles for bullfrogs?" And the good man sighed as if he was deeply grieved over the whole affair.

"It nearly broke up the church though, for Seth said he wouldn't stay in with such an old hypocrite as Elder Hopkins and persuaded some of his friends to leave, too. But the elder only beams in his most pious manner when the affair is mentioned and says that Seth is unkind to him. 'Seth was so sorry for homeless snakes,' says the elder, 'that I couldn't feel like a man who had done his whole duty unless and lonely snapping turtles."

CAN YOU COUNT A MINUTE? Detective's Story of a Gambler and a Watch Set in a Ring.

"What time is it?" asked a man who was riding with a detective in a cab the other day The detective pushed an almost invisible ever on the side of the setting of a large cameo ring that he wore on the third finger of his left hand. Then he placed his left hand at his

eft ear, and listened for a moment. "Seventeen minutes past three," he replied. "Now you can go ahead and tell me about hat." said the man who was riding with the detective. The man had watched the detective's method of ascertaining the time with nterest. "I can see that that big ring of yours s a repeating watch, of course. Let's have the rest of it.

"This ring and repeating watch combined said the detective, "belonged to one of the most notorious of the swagger gang of short eard players who used to work the ocean steamers. He's been dead for ten years now and as his family are pretty good people, and one of his sons is an officer in the army out n the Philippines. I needn't mention his name He was the champion of his class, though. "This card sharper had this ring I'm wear

ng made in Switzerland for a purpose. He made many of thousands of dollars with it. His game was this way: When a gang of men on one of the steamers on which he was a passenger would get together in the smoking room or cardroom and get to betting on the revolutions of the screw, on the weather, on the day's voyage, on any old thing, he would gently butt in with a crack to the effect that there wasn't one man out of a hundred that could properly count off a minute, that is, that could exactly, or anything like exactly, apprehend the passage of sixty seconds. This would lead to a discussion and the sharper would lead to a discussion and the sharper would attempt to prove his statement by referring to the fact that few referees of prize fights are able to count ten seconds over a prostrate fighter with anything like accuracy. Then there'd be more chaw on this point, and finally the sharper would suggest that all hands present chip into a pool, say of \$100 each, the whole bundle to be walked away with by the man in the pool who could count the nearest to a minute. The crowd never failed to bite.

"Now if you want to experiment, you let to a minute. The crowd never failed to bite "Now if you want to experiment, you your wife or some one hold a watch for y and you try to count a minute. If you co

your wife or some one hold a watch for you and you try to count a minute. If you come any nearer than five seconds to the minute without plenty of practice you may call yourself a man with a pretty good idea of time. There are few things harder to do than to agree ond hand of a watch in counting with the seconds.

"Well, they'd all go into the pool and some disinterested chap 'ud be brought in to hold the ticker and each man's count would be set down on a slip of paper. As the man who suggested the pool, the card shark would modestly

gested the pool, the card shark would modestly wait until they'd all had their trials before he essayed to count his minute. He'd rest his head in his left hand and watch them amusedly while they tried to make an even-up minute with the watch—and it never happened that any of 'em got within better than three seconds of it, one way or the other. They were always at least that much shy or that much coording.

ute with the watch—and it never happened that any of 'em got within better than three seconds of it, one way or the other. They were always at least that much shy or that much overdue.

"Still leaning his head in his left hand, then, this crafty, cheerful worker of the steamers would wait for his turn, and then, with this almost inaudible, but audible enough, bit of a ticker right close to his ear, he'd wade in and count sixty seconds to the dot, almost. He never did it exactly to the dot, because he didn't want to excite suspicion, naturally, but he always got under the wire a winner by a second or so from all the rest of the bunch in the pool. As I say, he won thousands at this scheme and only one of the victims ever suspected that he had an inside way of keeping tab on his minutes.

"He worked this trick once too often. Oddly enough, a Scotland Yard men are as a rule pretty obtuse and opaque and a few other things like that, but this Scotland Yard man was an exception to the rule, and he tumbled to the eard sharper's little stall. The Scotland Yard man was an exception to the rule, and he tumbled to the eard sharper's little stall. The Scotland Yard man was an exception to the rule, and he attitude of the short card man in counting off his precise sixty seconds struck him as being a bit poculiar. He didn't say anything right then, but after the short-card man had sone out after the short-card man had sone out after sthering up the pool, he mentioned his suspicions to a couple of other passengers. When the short-card have returned to the card cabin the Scotland Yard man fast. The cat was out of the bag, however, and all the men in the compartment, who'd been in the minute-guessing pool called upon the sharper to show up his ring. With a very much aggrieved air the shark pulled off the ring on his third finger and threw it on the table again, got a hammer and broke it open. It was just a plain cameo ring that was all, with no works or anything eless inside of it. This sharper was a wise gazabu in his generatio

he detective, smiling. "I haven't done any busi CANNON BALLS FOR SALE. Extracted by the Hundred From the Walls of

an Old Safety Vault.

Workmen engaged in demolishing the fortyeight-year-old five-story building at the southwest corner of Wall and William streets have found a number of eight-pound iron balls let into the joints of the granite slabs forming the outer wall of the street vault in what was the basement of the building About two hundred of the balls have been found. One of the workmen was sure he had discovered some "Revolutionary relics," and succeeded in disposing of a number of the "cannon balls" at 50 cents apiece. So many of the metal spheres were discovered that the price soon fell to a fint of beer. The discovery and sale continued Tuesday and yesterday and as there are a few slabs still in place there will probably be more "relics" for sale to-day.

The demolished building was occupied by the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company and by the Phenix Bank. The vault measures perhaps 15x20 feet. The granite slabs which form its outer wall are eighteen inches thick. The top of each one was hollowed out to receive the half the iron ball and the bottom of the next higher one was hollowed out to receive the have found a number of eight-pound iron balls

higher one was hollowed out to receive the other half. Possibly the metal balls were put in to bother any burglar who might seek to dig through the wail.

IRISH MOUNTAIN HEALERS.

CURES FOR EVERY ILL IN DONE GAL, SAVE ONLY OLD AGE.

There Are Old Men and Old Women With & Knowledge of Herbs and Simples and There

Are Others With Specialties Long Descended-Fair Doctors and Seventh Sons Copyright, 1900, by Seumas MacManus. .. Though every fifty square miles or so of our mountain districts maintain a graduated and salaried medical doctor, who is supposed to look after the health of his constituents this position is nearly a sinecure. We die only of old age, and no doctor is needed to

aid its operations. Taking advantages of my privileges as an Irishman, I may put it this way: We never get sick; but when we do we need no doctor; when we do need a doctor we wont have him; and when we have him we are heartily ashamed of ourselves. lilness is so very rare with us that when one

is struck down the exceptional fact is the topio of conversation both at home and in the neighboring parishes. If the ill one be a man-the rarity of which would astound people-wellwishers come from far, after their day's work to upbraid him for consenting to notions, and

exhort him to get up early the morrow morne ing, take a good, hearty breakfast, and in God's name go out to his work and shake the notions off him. In every minor illness the universal nanacea is to go to one's work and shake it off. I know a man who has been ill for six years with some affection of the nerves. He has withe n the past few weeks recovered sufficiently to muster courage to leave his bed and go out of the house and take up his spade. During all those years the parish had keen pity and kindly sympathy for his wife and his children, never neglecting to plant her crops in the spring and reap her harvest in autumn. But having never known themselves what nerves were, they had no use for nerves, and no appreciation of them. Micky Glacan was troubled with notions-'Micky's as soun' as a hell; he has neither pain nor ache he gives in himself he has neither pain or ache. It's the worst case of notions we ever knew. And it's a black pity for his woman. In all the six years Micky lay ill he did not ask for and would not have a doctor. He didn't himself know, he confessed, what was wrong with him, and it would be hard for the doctor to know-the doctor would only go

When the doctor is called in it is only in extremity -and then rather for form's sake than or faith in his knowledge and art. "If poor Pardin should go (which the good Lord forbid) I don't want him to be able to cast up to meself again that I left anything undone." So, when things look their very blackest, and the gathered visdom of the parish shakes its head and says Pardin may not live till morning, one messenger goes for the doctor while another hurries for the priest. For the infrequent ills that will befall even our

poisoning him with black bottles."

people, however, we have cures not included in the pharmacopæia prescribed by doctors who

people, however, we have cures not included in the pharmacopoia prescribed by doctors who don't know a Latin declension from a door-mat. In every district there are three or four old women deeply versed in herbal lore, women confident of their powers of curing anything that it is in average mortal power to curewomen familiar with the curative properties of yarrow, seven sisters, bog-bine, dandelion, maiden's-hair, meadow sweet, day nettle, elf tongue and fifty-five other medicinal plants.

Likewise the seventh son of a seventh son is well known by us to be gifted with extraoratinative power. And certain families, too, inherit a supernatural gift for healing of particular diseases. The rose terysipelas), for instance, is cured by the application of three drops of the blood of a MacCathal. Though the whitlow (crysipelas on the hand) may be cured by a herbal compound prepared from nine stalks of varrow, nine of cockoo sorrel and nine of each of the billars (male and female), it should be observed that in cures where nine units are eventually employed it is always necessary to gather ten in the first instance and throw the tenth away. As these cures have undoubtedly descended to us from pagan days. I believe the tenth intended as a propitiatory offering to the good of medicine, who had these herbal in hischarge.

Furthermore, we have our doctors who cure certain diseases, not by any supernatural powers, but scientifically, by virtue of an inheritam diseases, not by any supernatural powers, but scientifically, by virtue of an inheritam bandased. He is our tailor and has cancer on his under lip. A week ago he went to a poor, old mountain man, who is now in possession of the cancer cure which has been

cancer on his under lip. A week ago he went to a poor, old mountain man, who is now in possession of the cancer cure which has been held by his family from time immemorial. He paid the old man the usual fee of \$2.50 for his cancer plaster and had the plaster applied. The plaster is now loosening in the flesh the

paid the old man the usual fee of \$2.50 for his cancer plaster and had the plaster applied. The plaster is now loosening in the flesh the cancer roots, and two weeks hence fit is calculated) the cancer will have been drawn out root and branch.

The plaster is, of course, paining the patient, but not considerably. The cancer has only been growing for two years. In cases where it had been much longer rooting the plaster would require a longer time to work and would cause keen pain. Those who, before seeking the remedy, have let the cancer grow for many years may suffer incalculable pain—a pain which keeps them a wake night and day when things are reaching a crisis. But unless the cancer was first permitted to undermine the constitution this plaster is an infallible cure. I am intimately acquainted with a number of the healed.

Although \$2.50 is the fee for the plaster, and half for a special visit from the healer, should you wish to see him while the plaster is working (and he may cross ten miles of mountain to the patient), any person unable to pay this sum may tender what he chooses, or not pay at all: for noor as this old man is, he recognizes that God's gifts should sometimes be used to the glory of God.

The cure of the dread hydrophobia is in the possession of a man, too, in the northern mountains of Ireland. It has been in his family for a couple of hundred years. Any one bitten by a mad dog is sent, within a few days after the accident, to the "doctor," as he is locally known, and with him remains under treatment for three days. The treatment merely consists in living oniv upon a bread composed of barley meal, pounded garlic and some secret substance, with water for drink. All other solids and liquids must be abstained from. The patient remunerates according to his means and wish, and goes home cured. Patients come to this man from all parts of Ireland, and the cure is seldom or never known to fall. Some few have developed hydrophobia after undergoing the treatment, but these are said to have violated the

the treatment, but these are said to have violated the rules the doctor enjoined them to
observe.

There is another variety of healer who is
nowadays very rare and rapidly becoming
extinct—the fairy doctor, to wit, a man who has
his knowledge from the fairies and has some
power over them, and is particularly skilled in
curing illness, both in man and heast, induced
by supernatural agency. All diseases which
the medical wisdom of the parish fail to comorchend, notions and mental diseases, in mankind and elf-shot in cows, all these come within
the fairy doctor's province. Whether or not
he has supernatural power has ever been a
point on which our people have divided. Mead
of the women have faith in him; most of the
men none. The proportion of unbelievers is,
of course, yearly growing greater, but there
are still many who put implicit trust in his
professions.

The multiplicity of healers is a bane oftener
than a blessing for when a young person without enough authority or will power to resist
the doctors fails ill, every old woman with a

are still many who put implicit trust in his professions.

The multiplicity of healers is a bane oftener than a blessing for when a young person without enough authority or will power to resist the doctors falls ill, every old woman with a mane for medical lore in the parish descends upon the troubled household and each enjoins the immediate trial of her own specific. So that if the young man or young woman by the very excess of vitality survives all the plasters and votions imposed the miracle is one that might not bear a second testing. I remember the case of one poor fellow who had been unmercifully tried by the too great kindlens of the parish herbalists. To govern his patience, as he succeeded in doing, was an achievement of no small moment. But at length, when one old woman, coming to inquire what effect her cure, nineteenth, had upon him asked in her most sympathetic tones:

"Well, Billy, a thaisge, how do you feel?"

"Feel "said Billy, "I feel like a discensary, and with a groun he turned to the wall.

The salaried doctor in each big district receives from the county taxes \$500 a year. His duties ar to answer all sick calls and to attend the public dispensary, for two hours twice a week. For sick calls he charges, according to the worldly circumstances of the patient, from a local guardian of the poor. To such persons, also, medicine is dispensed free.

Generally, however, those who would have the doctor, or medicine, but are unable to do so except by availing themselves of these tickets, prefer doing without both.

A minimum sum of \$2.00 is needed for the purpose by the parent who colleges a son for the medical profession.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Findlay, Ohio, June 3.—Gen. Isaac Davis of this city, well known throughout Ohio as the "Wool King," is the posse-sor of a peculiar clock. After a silence of six years yesterday it began ticking as tunefully and regularly as though it had never been silent. The clock is made entirely of wood, works and all, and was manufactured by Erhamin Downias in manufactured by Ephraim Downing in town of Bristol, Conn., in 1772.